TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful, in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

SUMNER AND FILLMORE.

An Analysis of their Characters and Statesmanship—An Eloquent Tribute to the Dead Senator by George William Curtis—Seward, Chase and Sumner; Clay, Calhoun and Webster—The Two Great Triumvirates Compared.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. Sumner leaves no public man behind him with so close a hold upon the heart of the country. He was the last of the great triumvirate of anti-slavery Senators who succeeded that other trio of the earlier and darker epoch of which we speak in another column of this paper [Clay, Calhoun and Webster]. The work of the later three, Seward, Chase and Sumner, was incomparably greater and more beneficent than that of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. It is a curious fact that Mr. Sumner took his seat in the Senate on the day that Mr. Clay, the last of the elder three, left it forever. The two men typified the two eras of our politics. Henry Clay was the great compromiser. Charles Sumner was one of the most uncompromising men that ever lived. The courtly, gay, plausible, fascinating cavalier, "Harry of the West," broken, saddened and disappointed, faltered out of the chamber, and Charles Sumner, young, towering in form, dauntless in mien, the indomitable Puritan, conscience incarnate in politics, entered, and the new and better Union entered with him. The very qualities in him that so often offended were indispensable to the time and the work. Iconoclasm like his was as much needed among the long-worshipped idols of the old temples of slavery as ever it was among the images upon which Cromwell's Ironsides fell.

That stern refusal to wince or bend, which opposed itself to the slave power as a cliff of granite fronts the wildest sea and dashes it into futile froth, was the great and memorable service of Charles Sumner to his country. When slavery in Congress encountered him, it met for the first time that North, that American conscience, that American will, which was at last to overthrow it utterly, and redeem and regenerate the country. For the first time in the national arena slavery found itself opposed by a spirit as resolute and haughty as its own. It tried every means to subdue it, and tried in vain. By culture and taste and temperament Mr. Sumner was peculiarly sensible to that social blandishment in which Southern society excelled, and which made Washington a Capua to many hardy Northern warriors. They came, perhaps, from some secluded rural home, unused to the charms and forces of society. Bashful in the new scene, and ill at ease, they found the most welcome relief amidst the graceful delight of drawing-rooms and in the frank hospitality of dining-rooms in which their pleasure and comfort seemed to be the chief study. In those magic circles the lines of political duty, the sense of right and wrong, which in the quiet home or among cool New England hills were so clear and positive, wavered and shifted, and often glimmered quite out of sight. The lotus was eaten at those feasts, Samson was shorn, and honest folks at home wondered what nepenthe in the air of Washington drugged the Northern brain and dulled its conscience. No man was more thoroughly equipped to enjoy all this to the utmost than Sumner, and no influence in public affairs is more subtle and effective with men of his temperament. But he knew the Lamia, and he did not yield.

And as it could not seduce, neither could it terrify him. He stood for years in the capital of the country—to our bitter shame a slave city—and he thundered against slavery words which were blows. His speeches were not bursts of rhetoric; they were, like those of Demosthenes, orations. The trained advocates of slavery and its mere attorneys were amazed at the comprehensiveness of discourses that left them no escape, left them, indeed, only rage and denunciation. And long afterward, when the ablest lawyer in the Senate, Reverdy Johnson, was preparing the speech in which he justified his vote upon emancipation, he carefully studied all of Sumner's orations as the completest body of history and argument upon the whole subject. The hostility of slavery took its natural form. Often for months it was known, and Mr. Sumner knew, that his life was in constant danger; and during the heat of the Kansas debate a few friends from Kansas then in Washington, who were aware of his personal peril, unknown to him, daily followed him when he left his house, armed—as he never was or would be—for his protection. At last slavery, by the hand of Preston Brooks, struck him the blow that it hoped would be fatal. But after a long and weary struggle his sturdy constitution seemed to have thrown off all serious effects of it, and after resuming his seat in the Senate with a speech that showed all the old vigor, he bore his part in the great and final conflict. But although he lived eighteen years after Brook's assault, it was clear to him toward the end, and to his friends, that he had never wholly rallied from the blow.

The hostility of foes was not all that he withstood. His political and even many of his personal friends were impatient with him for the injury to the common cause which they feared from what they thought his want of moderation and tact. But those were his inestimable qualities, for they not only showed to slavery, as we said, the face of its real foe and future victor, but they stimulated and confirmed Northern sentiment by the spectacle of its uncompromising personification. There were censures of his taste, of his epithets, of his rhetoric, of his style, while he was doing a giant's work in rousing and saving a nation. How many a critic points out the defects of St. Peter's! And St. Peter's remains one of the grandest temples in the world. He loved duty more than friendship, and he feared dishonor more than any foe. He measured truly the real forces around him, and he saw more clearly than any American statesman that ever lived the vital relation between political morality and national prosperity. The great acts of Republican legislation are thoroughly informed by the spirit of which he was the most fervent and comprehensive political representative. "Why, Mr. Sumner, I am only six weeks behind you," Mr. Lincoln said to him, during the war. It was most fortunate for him that his career was cast at a time and upon a scene for which he was especially fitted, and he lived for a quarter of a century in the full view of friends and foes, doing his duty without a stain upon his fame. Charles Sumner hated slavery, and slavery hated him. And because, in the long and terrible contest, he was so true and so steadfast, panoplied in principle, armed at every point, strong as conscience and pure as childhood, his name will be honored in the land so long as the descendant of a slave remains, or America loves liberty.

"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Mr. Fillmore was a man of such excellent administrative talents, political experience, urbane manners, and pure character that he would have made an admirable President had not the office when he held it required very much more. It was his misfortune that his career was cast in a time which he could not control. He was a respectable figure in the epoch of compromise, and his statesmanship was that of his time. It is the fashion to speak of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun as an incomparable triumvirate among American political chiefs. But tried as real statesmen, they all conspicuously failed; for they either did not comprehend the difficulty and danger with which they had to deal, or they were too timid to touch it, and incapable of settling it. The latter is probably the truth. Miss Martineau, in a remarkable paper published at the beginning of the war, reports conversations with each of the three nearly forty years ago, in which they showed that they did see and fear the course of events, but seemed to think that the evil day could be postponed—after us the deluge. Mr. Calhoun's political views were simply mediæval; Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech showed either his blindness or his incapacity; while Mr. Clay merely made shift for the hour. This was Mr. Fillmore's political school, and he was neither better nor worse than its most noted representatives.

The difference between a man who has true political insight and one who has not, is illustrated in the careers of Mr. Fillmore and his contemporary, Mr. Seward. They were both born in the State of New York, and there was but a year's difference in their ages. They began political life together as Anti-Masons, and they both became eminent Whigs. But Mr. Seward truly measured the weight of opinion around him, and had already, as Senator, boldly declared the higher law of moral duty as a permanent factor in politics, when Mr. Fillmore, as President, signed Mason's Fugitive Slave bill. It is alleged that he was honest in signing it. But is it doubted that Mason and the slave power were any less honest in proposing it? It was a monstrous and unconstitutional law, which a President of high moral instinct and political sagacity would have vetoed, and so have organized and concentrated the anti-slavery sentiment—that is, the sense of justice—of the country. It is sometimes said that it was better not to have precipitated the question. But is it gravely urged that because the enormities of Pope Alexander the Sixth and Cæsar Borgia ripened Europe for the Reformation, their poisonings and slaughters are to be regarded with complacency? The condition of the world undoubtedly improves from age to age, but are the Spanish inquisition and the Southern slave-block to be therefore commended as means of progress? It may be true, although it can never be known, that had Mr. Fremont been elected in 1856 the war would have begun, and with a much more doubtful issue; and many a good Republican is undoubtedly glad that Mr. Fremont was not elected. But does he regret that he did not vote for Mr. Buchanan and throw up his hat for the Dred Scott decision? Could Mr. Fillmore's course have been other than it was, he might have been known in our history as the first anti-slavery President. As it is, he will always be chiefly known as the signer of the Fugitive Slave bill. Edward Everett said that there was not a lover of liberty in the world who did not droop his head when he heard that Lafayette was dead. There was not a slave in America whose heart did not sink when he knew what Mr. Fillmore had done.

Mr. Fillmore long survived his political career. By force of events, not by his own mastery, he had been an important actor in great affairs, and he did what he supposed to be his duty. He lived to see the power which he and greater men than he thought could be placated arrayed in arms against the country and the hopes of human liberty. He shared with these greater men the incapacity of perceiving that slavery must rule or ruin, and, therefore, with them, he could not know that compromise was impossible. He lived to see the malign force which he hoped to conciliate destroyed, and the Union, which had been the fortress of slave-masters, renewed without a slave. He lived to see the principles of his great opponent, Seward, which had been condemned by him and his friends as incendiary and seditious, adopted amidst the applause of the world as the truly American policy of the Government. But he saw it all, apparently, without jealous mortification or regret, and with satisfaction that a greater wisdom than his own had perceived conciliation to be impossible. For twenty years wholly withdrawn from public life, the tranquil dignity of his retirement was attended by the general regard of his fellow-citizens, and he did not die until the bitterness of feeling with which he was once regarded had been lost in exultation that there was no longer any fugitive slave to hunt or return.

Searching for a Woman's Pocket.

The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in the closet, and the man is in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting room serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article which he is in quest of is in her dress pocket in the closet she has discharged her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet door and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses, all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "Which dress?" and being told the brown one, and also asked if *she* has so *many* dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out like the rest—a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand into it. Then he turns it around very carefully and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it. A nervous moving of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead, are perceptible. He now dives one hand in at the back, and, feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration. He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, white, plump, and exasperating, comes to view. Then he sighs the relief he feels, and is mentally grateful he did not allow himself to use any offensive expressions. It is all right now. There is the pocket in plain view—not the inside, but the outside—and all he has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad. Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little further—now he has got it—he shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He had made a mistake. He tries again; again he feels the entrance and glides down it only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face. He feels of the outside of the pocket, pinches it curiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and, after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "By Gracious!" and commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He holds up breadth after breadth, goes over them carefully, gets his hand first into a lining, then into the air again (where it always surprises him when it appears), and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out with triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket to another dress. He is mad now; the closet air almost stifles him; he is so nervous he can hardly contain himself, and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly that he cannot help but "plug" it with his clenched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance, he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a band-box and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim to his Panama hat which was hanging in the same closet, and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new cloak. As all this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dresses inside out, he immediately starts after her, and impetuously urging her to the closet, excitedly and almost profanely intimates his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress, anyway. The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth with the sought for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why, but this makes him madder than anything else.—*Danbury News.*

Grammarians by Rote.

When Mr. Millard Fillmore died the other day, most of the notices which his death occasioned mentioned the fact that his early education was neglected, and that at the time when he began the study of the law, at the age of nineteen, he had never seen a grammar or geography. Yet Mr. Fillmore, both in writing and speech, used the English language with about the usual propriety; and, like most of our respectable public men, he never lapsed into any very glaring solecisms. Of his geography we are not so certain, but his knowledge was probably sufficient for all ordinary emergencies. It is the accuracy with which so many of our half-educated or self-educated men write and speak English which is surprising; and there is nothing like it, we suspect, anywhere else in the world. Yet this facility does not come from the study of grammar. There are not ten men in the House of Representatives who could parse ten lines of Milton according to the rules of Lindley Murray; yet these gentlemen are never guilty of two negatives employed to strengthen the negation, even when they are denying charges of fraud or corruption. These are facts which may well lead us to revise our notions of the necessity of studying grammar as it is usually taught in our schools. Our American accuracy does not come of early drilling. It is to be attributed to the general habit of reading. It is in this way that the majority become tolerable grammarians by rote, and speak correctly simply because they speak at all. The verbs are made to agree with their nominative cases instinctively and as a matter of good breeding. Small mistakes are made, as they are by the best writers; but nobody notices them except professional teachers, who, in their turn, make just as many.—*New York Tribune.*

A Big Bell.

The greatest bell in the world, the "Emperor William Bell," destined for the Cologne Cathedral, has just been finished. It weighs about 6,000 pounds, is 18 feet high and 14 feet wide. The first molding of the bell proved a failure, and considerable difficulty has yet to be overcome in transporting the immense affair from Frankenthal, where it was cast, to the top of the tower of the Cologne Cathedral.

Very Old Men—Thurlow Weed Tells Something About Centenarians.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR: A Pennsylvania gentleman called yesterday to say that Simon G. Troop, the Legislative Rip Van Winkle referred to in Friday's *Tribune*, was appointed one of the Judges of Monroe county, Pa., by Gov. Geary, after he had passed his 80th birthday, and he was now discharging the duties with marked ability. He added that the climate of that portion of Pennsylvania contributed to the longevity of its citizens. George Labar, a resident of Monroe county, is 112 years old. Mr. George Trivle, of Daleville, is the oldest landlord in the State of Pennsylvania, having kept tavern ever since licenses were granted by the Governor of the State, and is now, at the age of 109 years, proprietor of the hotel at Daleville. The ages of these two veterans, as Mr. Gilmore assures us, are both well authenticated.

And yet there is an opinionated Englishman, whose name I do not remember, making all sorts of efforts to discredit Capt. Lahrbush, who completes his 108th year to-day. Fortunately the existence of unquestionable evidence of the fact that Capt. Lahrbush was an officer in the British army before the commencement of the present century, destroys the base upon which the Captain's assailant endeavors to erect a superstructure. Corroborative evidence of the accuracy of Capt. L.'s memory, the truthfulness of his statements, and the integrity of his character, is found in his daily conversation. Those who know him best and see him most frequently entertain no doubts concerning his age. The accuracy of his memory in relation to events which occurred ten years before and fifteen years after the beginning of the present century, is perhaps the most remarkable trait in the character of this very remarkable man. Capt. Lahrbush recently received a message, by a New York lady who had been residing some time in Paris, from the Count de Waldeck, who remembers him while both were at Madras, in 1798. The Count, although two years older than Capt. Lahrbush, enjoys good physical and mental health.

Capt. Lahrbush enters upon his 109th year in good health and spirits. He is a member of the Rev. John Cotton Smith's church, where he is a regular attendant. He dined with us to-day, as is his frequent habit on Sunday; and if those who cavil about his age could have listened to his conversation for an hour or two, would have had their doubts removed. T. W.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1874.

Senator Sumner's Will.

In September, 1872, just before Senator Sumner left for Europe, he wrote in his own hand his will. He bequeathed all his papers, manuscripts, and letter-books to Henry W. Longfellow, Francis V. Balch, and Edward L. Pierce, as trustees, all his books and autographs to the library of Harvard College; his bronzes to his friends of many years, Henry W. Longfellow and Dr. Samuel G. Howe. He gives to the city of Boston, for the Art Museum, his pictures and engravings, except the picture of the "Miracle of the Slave," which he bequeaths to his friend, Joseph B. Smith, of Boston. To Mrs. Hannah Richmond Jacobs, the only surviving sister of his mother, he gives an annuity of $500. There is a bequest of $2,000 to the daughters of Dr. Samuel J. Howe, and $2,000 to the daughters of James T. Furness, of Philadelphia, "which," he says, "I ask them to accept, in token of gratitude, for the friendship their parents have shown me." The will directs that the residue of his estate shall be distributed in two equal moieties; one moiety to his sister, Mrs. Julia Hastings, of San Francisco, Cal., the other moiety to the President and fellows of Harvard, in trust, for the benefit of the college library, the income to be applied to the purchase of books. Francis V. Balch, of Boston, formerly clerk to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations when Mr. Sumner was Chairman of that committee, is designated as sole executive of the will. Mr. Sumner's estate is valued at $100,000.

Hudson Bay Company.

This company, one of the oldest stock corporations, will shortly surrender its title to land and vested powers, all the arrangements for the transfer having been made. It will still retain, however, 50,000 acres of the best land in British America, besides claims upon one-twentieth of the remainder. In return for the surrender of its other property and rights, it will receive $1,500,000 in gold from the Dominion of Canada. The company was organized more than 200 years ago, and in 1673 declared its first dividend. Its first charter gave the company the exclusive privilege of establishing trading "factories" (trading posts) on the Hudson Bay and its tributary rivers. A new charter gave it the exclusive right to trade in nearly the whole of British America from 1838 to 1859.

The company also leased a large part of Russian America. The capital of the company in 1838 was about $2,000,000, and was held by about 250 stockholders.

The stock has been sold for 400 per cent. premium, and has always paid large dividends. The Parliament of England made the company the judicial authority of the section in which its traders operated, and criminals were confined in the company's forts, or else transferred to the jails of Canada. The exclusive privileges expired by limitation in 1859, but the company had obtained such a foothold that the business was maintained, notwithstanding the loss of its power.

The Parisian Mind.

A Paris correspondent writes: "The Vaudeville was brilliantly illuminated the other night with a gigantic '100' in letters of fire blazing above its portals, in honor of the one hundredth night of 'Uncle Sam,' which charming play is mightily relished by the Parisians on account of the 'singular truthfulness to nature of the American manners therein presented.' They swallow it all, these benighted Parisians, the steamboat that runs between New York and Chicago, the fashionable watering-place of Newark, the young lady who goes thither to spend a couple of weeks in company with the gentleman to whom she is engaged, and all the rest of it."

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

WEDNESDAY, March 18.—*Senate.*—An attempt to regulate the system of railroad tariffs by the Constitution was lost. So was an attempt to put a provision in providing that no street railroads shall be built extept with the consent of the municipal authorities of the town interested....The Senate refused to concur in a proposition of the House to make the office of Attorney-General either elective or appointive....The Senate adopted the section added to the article on private corporations declaring that the right of eminent domain shall never be so construed as to prevent a Legislature from taking the property or franchises of incorporations, and subjecting them to public use....A new section was adopted forbidding public officers from using public funds for their own benefit, or lending them to others....The Senate refused to forbid railways from issuing free passes to officers of the State....The article on the elective franchise containing a section providing for the separate submission of female suffrage was finally passed by the Senate—27 to 4.

House.—The House voted, by 67 to 27, just the two-thirds vote necessary, to submit female suffrage to the people ...A resolution to acknowledge God in the Constitution was ordered to a third reading by 74 to 24 ....Attempts to introduce a provision forbidding the Legislature from altering any special act of a corporation except by a vote of two-thirds of both houses failed....The twelfth test vote of the season on the liquor question was had in the House, with the usual result—defeat.....The State is authorized by both houses to be interested in the Portage Lake and Lake Superior ship canal....The House and Senate do not agree as to the mode of appointing the Attorney-General, and as to the number of terms of court to be held in large counties. These matters go to a committee of conference.

THURSDAY, March 19.—*Senate.*—The proposition to tax the liquor traffic was tabled—17 to 13....The Senate concurred with the House in providing for an elective judiciary, and requiring four terms of court to be held in counties of 20,000 inhabitants; also in giving the Supreme Court general control over law practice....An attempt to strike out Section 9, limiting trade instruction in prison, failed. ....The schedule of salaries was ordered to a third reading substantially the same as previously reported: Governor, $3,000, and the other officers $2,500 and $2,000. The Auditor-General, Superintendent of Instruction, Secretary of State, Commissioners of Land Office, and Attorney-General are required to reside at Lansing....The Senate insisted on homestead exemption of $2,000. The House wants $1,500....Article 13, concerning education, was ordered to a third reading....A committee of conference was ordered on the railroads article, both houses disagreeing....The educational article was ordered to a third reading. Both houses acted on a number of articles mentioned in the Governor's message.

House.—The House passed, by 66 to 23, a resolution requiring the State Treasurer to report without delay the names of banks where the money of the State is deposited, the amount in each, bonds taken to secure the State, names of the bondsmen, and amount of liability of each bondsman. The resolution was moved by Mr. Perry, of Oakland, who said that the aggregate bonds of the Treasurer was only $150,000, while he has sometimes $1,000,000 on hand, and has averaged $800,000 during the past year....Many bills covered by the Governor's message were passed in both houses. They relate almost exclusively to local interests, and are not of general importance....The houses disagree concerning the paying of Chaplains for religious services. The Senate does not want one....A message was received from the Governor calling attention to various subjects requiring legislation, principally of a local nature.

FRIDAY, March 20.—*Senate.*—The Senate has finally agreed with the House in reducing the amount of homestead exemption from $2,000 to $1,500....The salary question is still disagreed on, and the whole matter has been sent to a committee of conference.... The two houses disagree on the provision of the House requiring most of the State officers to live at Lansing. They disagree widely concerning municipal and other corporations.... The attempt to revive the question of the taxation of the liquor-traffic failed in the Senate by 13 to 16....The Senate refused, by 18 to 10, to concur in the House action admitting Regents of the University to membership in the Legislature....The Senate wants three Commissioners of Highways in each township, and the House wants one....The two Houses disagree most obstinately on the bill to compel the Treasurer of Wayne county to deposit the county funds in the banks, and take bonds, but it has finally passed both Houses....There now seems a prospect of much difficulty in securing the agreement of the Houses on several subjects....A number of bills of a local nature, covered by the Governor's message, passed by both Houses....The House is far in advance with business, and is waiting on the Senate.

SATURDAY, March, 21—*Senate.*—The House agreed to the Senate provision that no State or county official or any person holding the office of Trustee, Commissioner or Inspector of any State institution, or of any charitable or educational institution which receives appropriations from the State Treasury, shall be eligible to a seat in the Legislature....The time for the completing of the Marquette and Mackinac railroad is extended till Dec. 31, 1877. ....The section regulating trades taught in the State Prison is retained by both houses.... Twenty thousand copies of the Constitution are to be published, and each Michigan newspaper publishing it shall receive $25....One Commissioner of Highways is agreed upon. ....The Constitution was read by sections in the two houses, and adopted in the houses by the requisite two-thirds vote. In the Senate amendments were adopted in one or two matters. The Constitution was then adopted in the Senate by a two-thirds vote....Both houses adjourned *sine die.*

Miss Nellie Grant's Coming Marriage.

Washington correspondents state that Miss Nellie Grant, the daughter of the President, is engaged to be married to a gentleman who is described by a correspondent of the New York *Graphic* as follows: Mr. George Charles William Frederick Algernon Sartoris is a son of Mrs. Adelaide Sartoris—*nee* Kemble, author of the charming novelette, "A Week in a French Country House." This, by the way, is the description of the home of her brother, in France, and all the personages of the story are drawn from life. He is a nephew of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, consequently a grandson of Charles Kemble and great nephew of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Sartoris is remarkably handsome, has very winning manners, and is deservedly a great favorite in society.

This will be the second wedding at the White House. The first was that of President Monroe's daughter, Miss Maria Monroe, who married her cousin, Mr. Gouverneur, of New York, March, 1820. Another marriage to take place after Easter is that of Miss Violet Blair, granddaughter of Francis P. Blair, Sen. The successful suitor is a young lawyer, Mr. Janin.

THE OLD GRANGER.

A PARODY.

Near the track of a railroad newly laid,
A farmer leaned on his earth-worn spade;
While his taxes were high and his crops were slim,
The charge for freight played the deuce with him:
So he growled a growl at the train's sharp din—
"I'll gather you in; I'll gather you in!"

"I have borne you long, and here I vow
You railroads to beat, some way, or how;
I will get up a law by the great-horned owl!
To cut down your profits and make you howl!
And but little, or nothing, I'll ship from bin
Of hoarded corn, till I've gathered you in!

"We will rise in our granges, bold and free,
And "Down with the freights!" shall our war-cry be;
Not a partisan crew, nor a party hack,
Shall help us to gain our birthright back;
For the battle is ours, to lose or win—
We'll gather them in; we'll gather them in!

Now a gaunt politician came that way,
O'erheard the old man's angry say;
And he gave to his head a knowing screw,
And he cried to the granger, "Count me in, too
With a thought to himself, replete with a grin,
"I'll gather you in; I'll gather you in!"

Then a twist in his eye, to seem acute:
"The farmer's tongue has too long been mute
I am just your man, if it suits your mood,
So place me where I can do most good;
If an office fit you will help me win,
We'll gather them in; we'll gather them in!"

Touching hand to hand in a warm exchange,
They take a walk to the farmers' grange,
Where the stranger speaks with his rural air
And sprinkles hayseed in his hair:
"Let railroads quail when our blows begin;
We'll gather them in; we'll gather them in!"

So they vote for him at the coming polls,
Those simple, honest, rural souls;
Never dreaming that they of the iron horse
Are voting, too, for the man of course;
As on him alone their faith they pin,
To gather them in; to gather them in!

When election is over, the railroads run
A score of trains where they once had one;
Where a ditch by the track is found to hold
A poor old granger, stark and cold;
For the chap he'd helped to office win
Had gathered them in; had gathered them in.

Pith and Point.

LONG fishes—Turnpikes.

TOUGH fishes—Cork soles.

SORROWFUL fishes—W(h)ales.

WOOD for coffins—Dye-wood.

A BLACKSMITH is always striking for wages.

WHICH is the oldest tree?—The elder, of course.

THE vegetable for hangmen—The artichoke.

GROUND and lofty tumblers—Cut-glass goblets.

A HORRIBLE cannibal advertises for "a girl to cook."

THE way to make fire real hot is to keep it thoroughly coaled.

PAWNBROKER'S checks—Turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.

WHY is a whisper forbidden in polite society?—Because it isn't aloud.

DOGS are like Joe Miller, because they furnish wags with their tails.

A GEORGIA editor was bitten by a dog, "being evidently mistaken for a bone."

WHY is your shadow like false friends? Because it follows you only in sunshine.

WHO will invent a hitching-post for Time, the greatest runaway of all the ages.

WHEN a man's nose become a little reddish, it ought to be pulled like other radishes.

There was an old dame of Nauvoo,
Aged seventy-seven years, woo,
To milk her while tryin',
In a manner unkine
Was hooked unto death by the coo.

THE California papers tell about a boy climbing a tomato vine to get away from a mad dog. Tomato vines attain an enormous size in California, and so do dog stories.

A MAN was boasting that he had been married twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who know her say he didn't dare to, but he never mentioned it.

"BUILDING castles in Spain, Mr. S.?" said the landlady to Spicer, who was thoughtfully regarding his breakfast cup. "No, ma'am," said Spicer, "only looking over my grounds in Java."

TWENTY-SEVEN Nashville ladies determined to practice economy; vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dresses to church; and they stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

"I WILL forfeit my hand if you are not wrong!" exclaimed a dull and warm orator, to the President Montesquieu, in an argument. "I accept," replied the philosopher; "any trifle among friends has a value."

A Common Danger.

A Great Barrington (Mass) merchant found a box of parlor matches on the store floor, the other morning, which had been knocked off the shelf by a rat or mouse over night. On opening the box the discovery was made that by the concussion every match in the box had been lighted, and the wood of which they were made was charred and turned brown. Fortunately the box was so tight as to smother the fire, and no harm resulted. It was a narrow escape, and if a fire had taken place, its cause would have been a perpetual mystery.

Taken by Surprise.

During the progress of a trial in Judge May's court, in San Jose, one of the female witnesses was asked this question by one of the attorneys: "Did the defendant call his wife 'my dear,' when he met her?" This took the witness by surprise, but she answered him in a manner that showed she was honest and sincere in her belief. "Did he call her 'my dear?' Of course not. How could he when she is his wife?" The lawyer was compelled to give it up.

British Newspapers.

According to *The British Newspaper Press Directory*, there are now published in the United Kingdom 1,585 newspapers, of which 314 appear in London, 915 in the provinces of England, 58 in Wales, 149 in Scotland, 131 in Ireland, and 18 in the channel islands. The magazines number 639, of which 242 are of a decidedly religious character.

HANNAFORD & THOMPSON, Publishers, Chicago, sold the first large edition of Periam's "History of the Farmer's Movement" in two weeks. A second edition, embracing proceedings of the St. Louis Convention, held in February, 1874, is just being issued. Agents are reaping a rich harvest with it. We advertise it this week.